Unrequited.

When the sun it is high o'er the earth, love, And the sweet woodland sounds greet mine Car,
Then my beart is happy with mirth, love,
And I joy that to me thou art dear.
It is sweetest of music, thy voice, love,
And the sun shining down on thy face
Is a pleture that makes me rejoice, love—
When the sun it is bright in its place.

When the shadows of night gather round, love,
And the sounds of the woodland are still'd,
When the eventide quiets abound, love.
Then I weep for the bopes unfulfilled.
And I sigh that my heart is so weak, love,
My heart that is thy heart for aye,
And I grieve for the words thou'lt not speak,

At the shadowy close of the day. Oh! the sun is so strong in its light, love,
And the moon sheds its beams, sh! so soft,
That my heart it is swayed by their might,
love,

As the maid who hath listened too oft.

So in sunshine I'll welcome thy smile, love,
In sunshine I'll greet thee with cheer—
But the shadows are mine to beguile, love.
With the valuest regrets and a tear.
—Flora N. Montgomery.

WORSE DEVILS THAN THE DIVIL.

The Devil was one day sitting on a stone, on the side of a solitary country road, and he appeared to be in some great trouble. His head rested on his hand, his eyes were fixed on the ground before him, and his face was very sad; in short, he really seemed to be in sore

Along the road comes Old Mag, the ortune-teller, and (as everybody called her and feared her as such) the country "Halloo, master! You are very

sad to-day. What's the matter?"

"I guess I have reason to be sad,"
answered the Devil. "Working so hard, and yet gaining nothing." 'How is that?" asked Mag.

"Do you know that old couple over yonder?" and the Devil pointed to a lonely farm-house out a piece from the "The old man and woman over there?

Certainly I know them."

"A nice, peaceable old couple, eh?"
grinned the Devil sadly.

"Oho! that's what worries you,"

laughed the fortune-teller. "A very nice, peaceable old couple, that won't let you get between them. Is that it?"
"That's it, exactly! I have been work-

ing very hard for all the years they are living together (and it is now about forty) to sow discord between them, but all in vain. They live on quietly in spite of me. I don't like to give up the project after having gone to so much trouble about it; and yet I almost despair of ever gaining my point"

"What will you give me if I do for you what you cannot do?" asked Mag in her own taunting way.
"You bring discord between that good

old couple?"
"Yes, L"

"How long will it take you to do it, do you think?" "O, a day or two."

"You do in so short a time what I could not do in all these forty years?"
"Yes," laughed the old sinner, "to show the Devil that there are persons on this world smarter than himself.'

'If you can bring about what you say, I will make you a present of a pair of new shoes."
"Agreed!" said the old witch. "This

is Thursday. Meet me here again next Saturday noon and I will get the shoes. Be sure to bring them along." With these words Old Mag hobbled away, studying how she could best fulfill the

The next morning, Friday, she went to the farm-house "to try her luck," as she said. It was just as she wished. She found the old lady alone peeling potatoes for dinner, while her husband was out in the field digging stumps. Mag bade her good-day and then began: "I am Old Mag, the country fortuneteller. Maybe you would like to have your fortune told?"

"I have nothing to do with fortune-tellers. Clear this house immediately," and the woman motioned to show Mag her way off.

"Just as I expected," said Mag. "Because I am a fortune-teller I dare not be listened to, but must be driven from the Couldn't I foresee that you would treat me thus? If you will not hear me, then bear the consequences,' thus saying she turned to leave the

"Well, what have you got to say?" asked the woman, calling her back. "Nothing, if you don't like it!" replied Mag, in a sharp tone. "How-ever," she continued, softening her voice, "I didn't come to get angry, though I knew well enough that I would be thus treated. I came to tell you the truth, whether you like it or not!"

"Well, what is it?" "There are great trials and troubles awaiting you. All I can say, they will come soon; your husband brings them, and there is only one way of turning them off."

"What way?" asked the woman rather anxiously.

"It is a somewhat odd way, and you may not believe in it," continued Mag. "When your husband is sound asleep, you must take his razor and cut a hair away here from his throat," and the witch pointed to her own throat to show the woman the place.

"If it won't do any good, it will at least do no harm to try it," thought the old lady. "Just as you think," answered Mag.

"But the sooner you do it, the better." She turned again to leave the house, when the woman called after her, asking whether there were no charges. 'No, ma'am, I take nothing for this.

May God preserve you from harm!"
As the old witch passed through the gate she said to herself with a chuckle: "So far my bargain is all right. Now for the old man."

She took a round-about way, so not to be suspected. "Sir, I came this way of a purpose," thus Mag accosted him, "to warn you of a danger that is threatening you.

"Who are you?" asked the man ab-

ruptly.
"I am Old Mag, the country fortuneteller. "I have no business with you.

your way and let me in peace," and the man turned away from her to take up "I did not come here to tell you your

fortune," persisted Mag, "but to warn you against certain danger." "Get out o' this! I'll not hear another

Well, then, be murdered, for aught I care," said Mag, turning abruptly to

"Murdered? Who talks about mur-"I do, and so do other folks, too."

"Am I to be murdered, you say?"

"Yes, you."
"Who wants to murder me?" "Nobody else but your own wife."
"You're a liar, and be confounded!" exclaimed the man, almost in a fury.

"Hem! well that needs to be proved. I heard people say so and I thought it right to come and warn you. You would do well to have an eye on your wife and to try her, anyhow." 'How will she murder me, and why?"

She will try to cut your throat with your razor, while you are asleep, so people say, and that as soon as she gets a chance. Why she wants to do it, I

"I will try her," said the man sullen-"If it is false, then I will settle with

"I only tell you what I heard people say. Try her yourself and you will see. Good-day, sir." With this Mag left, saying to herself: "The old gentleman is all right, too. I will soon have my

At noon, when the man went home for his dinner, he watched his wife closely. Noticing that she viewed him, now and then, in a stolen, distrustful way, he grew suspicious, and began to look and act sour and sharp. "Aha!" thought his wife, "I see the trouble com-

ing already."
After dinner he lay down as usual to take his nap; but this time to try his wife. Having shut his eyes he soon began to snore, and thus pretended to be most soundly asleep. His wife kept on doing her work after dinner as usual until she heard him snoring. Then she went into the room in which he wa lying on the lounge, and to find out whether he was sleeping soundly enough for ner purpose, she managed to make by upsetting a chair. He did not stir, but snored away as strongly as before.

On tip-toe she went to the bureau, opened it cautiously, and took out her husband's razor. Having removed it from its case, she again stepped on tip-toe up to where her husband was lying. She stooped down towards him, holding the razor in her hand to cut the hair away from his throat; when, to her greatest dismay, he jumped up, seized her hand, from which the razor dropped to the floor, and in his rage hurled her into a corner of the room. The story now goes on to tell us that from this time forward the old couple never had a day of peace, so that at last they had to separate.

The next day about noon Old Mag came along the same road. She found the Devil sitting on the same stone, waiting for her. When he saw her approaching he got up, climbed over the fence, and putting the shoes to the end of a long pole, made ready to hand them to her.

"Why, old fellow, what do you mean?" laughed the witch. "Are you afraid of me?"

"Indeed, I am and ought to be," answered the Devil; "you did in one day what I could not do in forty years. That beats me! I have reason to fear you. Here, take your shoes; you have earned them well for your skillful and successful work."

Dear readers, I will not go bail for the truth of this story, just such as it is; but a truth it is. There are such devils in human form, that through their malice succeed in leading others into sin, thus bringing misery and death to the soul and doing what Satan himself, maybe, could not do. To such devils as these Jesus says: "Woe to him through whom scandals come. It were better for him that a millstone were put about his neck and be cast into the sea. -Luke 17, 2.-The Guardian Angel.

Those who believe that nature will work off a cough or cold should under-stand that this is done at the expense weakens the system, and we all know that the termination of this dangerous practice is a consumptive's grave. Don't take the chances, when a fifty cent bottle of Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure will safely and promptly cure any recent cough, cold or throat or lung trouble. Buy the dollar bottle of for chronic cases or family use. Sold by J. C. Saur.

THE LATE JOHN B. GOUGH.

In a sketch of John B. Gough, who died as he had lived upon the platform. and who was to the last one of the most popular of public speakers, and, after Father Mathew, the most famous apostle of temperance, it was stated that although a very generous man, he declined to lecture for the benefit of enterprises and societies of all kinds, which constantly applied to him. It is to be hoped that nobody regrets his refusal or thinks him to have been less generous because of the refusal. There is no more common or more unpardonable form of mendicancy than that which asks this kind of alms. Mr. Gough received a very large income from his public lectures, and of this money he was not avaricious. On the contrary, he gave liberally, and often, doubtle to the very objects for the benefit of which he was vainly asked to lecture. A man practices his profession or pursues his business for his livelihood and the support of his family, and he determines for himself the amount and the direction of his gifts and charities.

That is what the charitable society forgets which asks a singer to sing, or an actor to act, or a painter to paint a picture, or a lecturer to give a lecture, for its benefit, upon the score of charity. One of the hard-working guild of lecturers some years ago replied to a solicitation of this kind by asking the chairman of the committee what business he pursued. "I am a dealer in jewelry." "Well, Mr. Chairman," said the lectu-"I am very much interested in a little society like yours in my own town; now let us be fair: I will give you the profits of my business for one evening for your society, if you will give me se of your business for one day for

the benefit of my society.' The good chairman stared and smiled. lecturer continued: "Have you applied to our friend Mr. Sheepskin, the at-torney?" "No; what for?" asked the chairman. "Why, to aid your society by contributing a day's fees?" The chairman smiled, and looked puzzled. "What I mean," said the lecturer, "is simply that there is no more reason why you should ask me to give you the entire profit of my business for a certain time than to ask anybody else to do the same thing. The fact that I am a lecturer is not a reason that you should make the application to me rather than to a lawyer, or a merchant, or an artist. Do you ask Mr. Booth to bestow his receipts

for next Saturday upon your society be-

cause your society is pour and wants money to buy carpets and cushions? Do you ask the proprietor of the Heru'd or Times to drop into your treasury all the money that they may receive for advertisements and sales on the first day of June? Do you ask Mr. Choate to hand you over his professional income, as purely as he can economic it for as nearly as he can compute it for Monday, the 22d? To ask me for money is one thing; but to ask for a blank check with my signature is quite an-The lecturer smiled as benignantly as the chairman, but did not look in the least degree puzzled. "Oh!" said the chairman. "Precisely." returned the lecturer.

There is sometimes a queer lapse of good faith in one of the parties to the business to which Mr. Gough devoted his life. A member of a lyceum committee, in his private capacity of mer-chant, negotiates with another merchant for a piece of cloth, or a case of shoes, or a cargo of flour. But he finds that he has miscalculated the market, or there is some mishap, and he loses by the bargain. Does he thereupon repair to the other merchant, and say to him that he hasn't made as much as he expected by the venture; that, in fact, has lost money, and in view of that sad mischance the merchant will per-haps agree to take half of the price agreed upon? No; the worthy member of the lecture committee has never been guilty of such an act as that. If he cannot take the chances of trade, he is not fit to be a trader.

O wise young judge! And what was it you were saying just now, not to the flour merchant, or the shoe dealer, but to the lecture merchant? Were you or were you not saying to him that you were very sorry that the and ence had been so small and the expenses so large, and the treasury was so low that perhaps-perhaps-in view of everything-so hard to sustain a course of really good lectures-that-that, in fine the merchant would perhaps take off half the price stipulated, because you, O wise young judge! have not made as much money out of him as you hoped to make?

To decline to do this, Mr. Gough, like other eminent masters of the platform, did not hold to be a mercenary view of his calling. If it was not mercenary for the baker to ask sixpence for his loaf or the milkman a fair price for his milk, neither was it mercenary for the lecturer to ask an equally fair price for his commodity and his labor and his time. It is, indeed, open to any man to give bread and milk to his neighbors without price. But he cannot support his family by that course. All the merchants in town, if they choose, may give away all their goods. But they cannot be reproached with venality if they prefer to sell instead of to give. Mr. Gough, so far as he turned his powers and gifts to making money, was a merchant, and was amenable only to the laws and usages of honorable business, and those who asked him to renounce half his fee, or who requested the gift of all the profits of a future transaction, were unquestionably well-meaning, but they were unmindful of the laws and usages of honorable busi-

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, one of the most accomplished and popular p'oneers of the modern lecture platform, said that he 'once declined to suffer in the way verted ten dollars was at last paid. He departed homeward congratulating himself upon the triumphant vindication of a sound principle. But, said he, with a sly smile of appreciation, that money was an apple of the Dead Sca—it turned to ashes. It was a counterfeit bill. Doubtless it was intended by the austere committee as a stern rebuke of the mercenary disposition of the lecturer .-George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine for May.

The Singer.

The editor of the Little Rock Gazette is unjust to the young man who sings, not in attempting to deprive him of the mighty prestige which he holds in sobut in attributing to him gay faults which he does not possess. young man who strangles the neck of the twanging guitar is more to be feared than the sweet singer. Tom Moore, Byron, and even Homer sang, but their standing in society did not depend upon their musical but upon their intellectual voices. Some time ago, the daughter of an old negro married a young buck who had fallen into the

habit of singing at church festivals.
"Look heah, Tildy," said the old negro when the ceremony had been performed, "Whut yer want ter marry dat fool nigger fur?"

"What fool nigger, pap?" "W'y de one yer hab jes maird." "Dis heah one?"

'Yas."

"He ain't no fool nigger. He's got er voice sweeter den er flute." "Yas," the old man rejoined, "an' I bet yer he got er appertite bigger den er ha'fer bushel an', wus den dat, he gwine 'pend on me ter gin it sadisfackshun, but lemme tell yer, young felfer."

turning to the bridegroom, "I'se got er ole mule dat is powerful fon' o' singin'. W'y, sah, he'll walk erlong an' listen ter yer all day. Beats anything dater way yer eber seed. Wants yer ter bergin singin' ter him in de mawnin' by sun-up. Lemme ketch yer singin' at er nuder festival an' yer'll heah suthin' pop. Dat'll be yer naik. Ef er pusson's got suthin' else ter mix wid it. well er nuff, but ef he hain't den take kere. But I 'tends fur yer ter mix er little suthin' wid dat monstrous fine voice o' yourn-mix cotton, dirt an' er mule wid it. Oh, I'se got yer."-Arkansaw

What She Thought They Were.

"I see by the Chronicle Telegraph that automatic couplers are to be generally introduced," remarked Amy to the high school girl last night.

Yes, I noticed that myself," replied Mildred. "What are automatic couplers, Mil-

dred?" was Amy's next question.
"I am not positive," was the reply,
"but I infer that they are a sort of attachment to the new marriage license law, but I'll ask Augustus when he calls to-night."-Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

What is more disagreeable to a lady than to know that her hair not only ost its color, but is full of dandruff? Yet such was the case with mine until I used Parker's Hair Balsam. My hair is now black and perfectly clean and glossy.—Mrs. E. Sweeny, Chicago.

GEN. BOULANGER. The French Minister of War-Will He

It is the unexpected that happens in France, and just now all Europe is expecting some-thing to happen there. Successful as the present government in our sister republic seems to be, there is an inborn desire arrong Frenchmen for a here—a strong, dashing, fearless leader, one who will carry himself far above the law. It is the old story of the frogs desiring a king. They treated with contempt the log king that Jupiter sent them, on account of the familiarity such a king permitted; but they were compelled to respect and fear the stork, their later king, who deoured them as he willed.

Looking back at the list of leaders of the French people, from "Little Nap." to Gam-betta, it would appear that the stork king was what they most admired, and, judging from his past career, this is about what they are going to have in the person of Gen. Boulanger, the present minister of war in the de Freycinet cabinet.

GEN. GEORGE ERNEST BOULANGER Gen. Boulanger's career thus far has been ike the upward flight of a rocket, and his future will bear watching. He is the young-est of the French generals, being yet not quite 50. He is the son of a Breton lawyer, while his mother was English. Thus he combines the fire and dash of one race with the coolness and stubbornness of the other. He possesses a magnificent military physique, and since his recent duel and the publication of an article in The Paris Figaro, in which Boulanger is mentioned as "a menace to the republic, owing to overreaching ambition that will not rest until he has either plunged France into a war of revenge with Germany or has had himself proclaimed dictator."

This article has set all Europe agog, and on investigation of Boulanger's career it is found to has been governed by the principle that might, under whatever form it manifests itself, overreaches right in spite of all the fine ssays to prove the contrary, and with La Fontaine he believes "the logic of the strongest is always the best."

E. W. HOWE, THE NOVELIST.

Sketch of One of Our Most Promising

Story Writers. About three years ago an unpretending book was sent to the newspaper reviewers. It came in a quiet way, as quiet almost as its own literary style. At first the critics did not notice it much. Its name was "The Story of a Country Town," by E. W. Howe. But one day a friend brought it to the notice of the literary editor of The New York World. The style was so entirely simple, so limpid. and at the same time so unique that the book reviewer recognized at once that here was a iterary discovery of worth. A long notice was given to the book. Next day every copy of it on sale in New York city was sold. Mr. Howe was perceived by all who read

the book to be a genuine American novelist, an outgrowth of our own soil, not an imitator of English and French story writers. The notice in The World

gave the "Story of a Country Town" a boom which has not vet died out. The author received advantageous offers for other books lishers. Since then be has written two "The Mystery of he Locks" and The Moonlight

Boy." Both are haracterized by the same quaint, quiet iterary style as the first. There are touches of pathos in them that have never been ex-

celled, there are strokes of humor worthy of Thackeray.

Nevertheless, the .uthor has never yet done his best. He is a busy young newspaper man, editor and proprietor of The Atchison, (Kan.) Daily Globe. His stories have been written outside of working hours, and much of them hurriedly and weariedly done. After he makes a small fortune as newspaper proprietor we may all hope that he will give himself up to novel writing altogether. He tells us that not a line of his first book was written by sunlight.

ROWING AROUND THE WORLD. Richard Chandler, Who Will Make the

Attempt, and His Boat. About two years ago John Traynor put to sea from Bath, Me., in a rowboat, with the avowed purpose of rowing around the world. Whether he became discouraged, landed at ome other point on the coast, skipped west and is now a festive cow boy under a nom de olume, or whether he was wrecked, is not known, for nothing has been heard of him



since. Richard Chandler, another youth of 46 years s become fired with the ambition to emulate Traynor and succeed where the latter failed. A doctor of Bath Me., fitted out the Traynor expedition and offers to pre-

pare a similar outfit for any man who will attempt the voyage. Chandler informed the doctor about a week ago that he had made up his mind to row cross the ocean.



The boat in which Chandler is to cross will be twelve feet long at the bottom with about fourteen feet gunwale. She is to have water tight compartments built forward and aft. The only open space in her will be a cockpit in the center. In width she will be four feet and in depth thirty inches. Besi supply of food, she is to be fitted with life suits, cork pickets, life lines, a Boyton rubber suit and everything that can comfort the

Neither matter nor mind, nor both combined, could keep this world from pecoming a howling wilderness with-out moral forces.-Journal of Education. A Vista From Lookont Mountain.

A Tennessee correspondent of the Albany Journal writes: For a moderate fee my companion and I were paddled across Chattanooga creek, which is ordinarily a narrow stream, but which had now stretched to a width of two miles. Landing at the foot of Lookout Mountain, we tramped up its steep sides to the summit by the grade of the new incline railway which is being constructed. It was a tiresome walk to one unused to it, but was well worth the trouble. Passing around the base of the perpendicular cliff on the north side of the mountain, known as Point Lookout, we hailed a man who was peering down upon us, and by the use of the ladder which he lowered and the expenditure of 25 cents each we were soon standing on the breezy eminence, gazing in raptures at the magnificent view which spread itself out like a panorama before us. There is no grander outlook in the

world than that presented from the summit of these cliffs, either for the lover of nature or the student of American history. At this time, however, the whole aspect of the surrounding country was changed by the prevailing floods. Chattanooga was undergoing another siege, communication being cut off on every hand, not by armed men, but by the angry waters. The tremendous flood, extending far up the Chattanooga valley, between Lookout and Missionary ridge, with the hundreds of submerged buildings, presented a wild scene. Farther to the east, looking over Missionary ridge, Chickamauga creek could be seen widened into an immense river, and by the aid of a field-glass many pretty residences could be seen nearly covered with water. Looking towards the northeast as far as the eye could reach, we could see the swelled current of the Tennessee come rushing out from among the mountains, bearing on its bosom an immense mass of driftwood, among which was occasionally mingled a frame building that had been torn from its foundation. the remnants of a demoralized timber raft, the body of some unfortunate horse or cow, and various other property of value. The tide swept westward past the northern limit of Missionary ridge. making a sharp turn southward around Cameron hill, and after a furious on-slaught at the base of Lookout again abruptly turned to the west and north, around Moceasin bend, and plunged out of sight between the hills. The proper channel of the river could be distinguished by the tops of the trees along its margin, which were just putting on their green mantles. The angry flood laved the foot of the Raccoon mountains, and the backwaters flooded the valley to the west over which Gen. Joe Hooker's gallant army marched on that memorable day (Nov. 25, 1863), and clambering up the steep western side of old Lookout, under cover of the morning mist, fought the great battle among the clouds. Far below us to the left could be seen a square green patch on which a farm-house is located, now an island, being entirely surrounded by water. This is the eminence which was occupied as the headquarters of Gen. Hooker during the noted battle. Immediately back of where we stand is Pulpit rock, from the summit of which the signal waved announcing the great victory. In fancy we can hear the auswering shouts from the thousands of exultant heroes who were resting their tired bodies along the mountain slope, and far below, over the valley toward Missionary ridge.

Hay Fever.

Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me by my druggist as a preventive to hay fever. Have been using it as directed and have found it a specific for that much dreaded and lothsome disease. For ten years or more I have been a great sufferer each year, from August 9th till frost, and have tried nany alleged remedies for its cure, but s Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found. Hay fever sufferers ought to know of its efficacy. B. Ainsworth, of F. B. Ainsworth & Co., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.



The best Cough Cure you can use,
And the best preventive known for Consumption, I
cures bodily pains, and all disorders of the Romach
Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs an
all Female Complaints. The feeble and sick, strug
gling against disease, and slowly drifting toward
the grave, will in mest cases recover their health is
the timely use of Pankin's Touce, but delay is dar
greous. Tale it in time. Sold by all Druggiets i
large bottles at \$1.00.

HINDERCORNS flec 3-1yr

NOTICE

The Board of School Examiners of Henry count Ohio, will hold meetings for the examination of aplicants for teacher's certificates as follows:

In Basement of Court House in Na poleon, Ohio, on the 1st and 3d Satur days in March and the 1st and 3d Saiurdays in April and May, the 1st Sat urday in June, July and August, the ist and 3d Saturdays in September and the 1st and 3d Saturdays in October, the 1st and 3d Saturdays in No vember, and the 1st Saturdays in Droember, January and February.

Evidence of good moral character will be require adidates. That evidence to be a persons

3. M. HONICK. Morchant Tailor, appleon, Oldo, Puny strest, Cary's new black,
-rites whiking nest filling cult of clothes will do
oil to call on ms. By selecting from my very
ree and very the line of piece goods you will have
a difficulty in flating such goods as you may deree. ES mainfaction given in every particular,
cept 24-780 8. M. HONECK.

IOHN DIEMER

Napoleon Meat Market, Keeps constantly on hand the choicest Best, Pork, col. Mutten, Rams and Shoulders, Sait Pork, spread Best, &c. Farmers having fat cattle, hogs, terp, hides and pells for sale should give him a all.

Shop, Diemer's Block, Perry Street. Joseph Shaff

The old reliable at the old stand, with the largest and best stock of

HAND - MADE WAGONS, during Wegons, Hoggies and Carriages, of my own make, ever offered to the people of Henry county, must of the peet selected stock and superior work manchly in every department. I am also prepared to do all kinds of repairing and horse shocing. If you want a pool ways, come and easie. If you want any kind of repairing done, mill on mo. If you want your horses shot, give me call and I will guarantee antistaction. July 19, 38 F. F. SHONER,

Saddles, Harness, BRIDLES. Halters, Whips, Etc.

REPAIRING DONE on shortnotice. We are selling our stock cheap, and nyite a call from all needing anything in our line, all work warranted to give satisfaction.

Shop on Perrystreet, Next Door to Cary's New Block.

Confectionery and Bakery

GEO. F. CURDES Confectioner & Baker,

WOULD respectfully call attention to his super-Ice Cream, made from Pure Cream.

dold by the dich, quartor quantity. Fresh Confec-tioners, Bread, Cakes etc., always on hand. Lunch served up on short notice and reasonable price.

GEO. F. CURDES. East of Engine House, Napoleon, O

Sash and Blind Factory -AND-

PLANING MILL

Thiesen, Hildred & Co. Proprieters. Take pleasure in announcing to the public and all in need of anything in the way of building material that they are now prepared to furnish them with lumber for building purposes, from the ground to the roof. We keep constantly on hand

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Casing, Sidings, Shingles, Floorings, Finished Lumther, Rough Lumber,

and every kind of lumber required for a building Custom work done on short notice. Poplar, walnut whitewood, seb and oak lumber bought and sold, lan : 78-tf THIESEN, HILDRED & CO.

NEW ROOM!

-AND-

Respectfully inform the citizens of Mapoleo Henry county that they arenow corouging that room, in the brick block erected upon the ru their old stand, where they invite all their old or

Entirely New!

Groceries, Provisions,

Queens & Glassware, and in fact everything found in a first-class grocery.
We intend to keep constantly on hand a fall stock of goods in our line, and invite a share of the public patronage.

CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE

Brick and Tile! We also manufacture a superior quality of brish and tile, which are sold at the lowest prices. Farths intending building or ditabing should give us a call examine our stock and get prices.

MEYERHOLTZ & BRO., DENTISTRY.



DENTIST. Over Ica Leight' Drug Store. All operations per-ninging to Desibity carefully performed. Langu-ing Gas admissionered for the paintees extendion of the Work warranted and prices to suit the times. TERTH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIR.



GREAM BALM Gives Relief at once and Cures COLD in HEAD. CATARRH HAY FEVER Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder.

ELY'S

Free from Injuri-ous Drugs and of-Free from Injuri-HAY-FEVER fensive odors.

A particle is applied into each nostril and in greeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, egistered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS.